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SPEECH OF HON. KENNETH RAYNER, OF NORTH CAROLINA, AT THE AMERICAN BANQUET, PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 17, 1855.

The following speech, which was delivered at the great American Banquet, Philadelphia, by the Hon. Kenneth Rayner, will, we feel sure, be read with much interest. After the first regular toast of the evening—"The Union"—had been answered by the President, and received with some tremendous cheers, Mr. Rayner, with much applause and spoke as follows:

Hard, indeed, is the task imposed on him to whom is assigned the duty of responding to such a sentiment as that of the Union, around which cluster so many hallowed and heart-stirring associations. The very word is poetry itself. What tongue is eloquent as to portray its beauties; what pen so full as to appreciate its glories; what brain so capacious as to estimate its value?

The Union! The very mention of the word is enough to still all the tumults of our troubled nature—to hush all the angry contentions of conflicting interests—to hallow all the anxieties of the patriot's heart in regard to our country's future. The Union of the States! How vast the field of contemplation which it opens before the human mind. It grasps within itself, first, the most glorious associations of the past—the most intense appreciation of our present blessings—the most intense and anxious hopes as to the future of our country's future.

The Union of these States! Why the very idea carries back the mind to the time when our Pilgrim Fathers landed on the shores of this continent, and, with their hearts and arms, devoted to civil liberty and resistance of religious oppression, they braved all the storms of the ocean, they suffered all the privations and perils which were peculiar to a people living from oppression to a distant shore. The same idea of Union comprehends the time when we glided down the stream of history to that time when our patriot fathers, stung by the oppression of the mother country, were lashed into resistance for the purpose of asserting the great principles which were the birthright of British subjects, and which they supposed had been invaded.

The same idea of the Union covers the time when that conclave of sages met in this city, and my brethren, within a few hundred yards of the spot where we are now congregated; and really when I allude to that important event in our history when the stirring associations connected with it fell on the sight of that hall, and I felt like Moses did, when he beheld the burning bush, the very ground upon which I stand is sacred ground. (Applause.)

Aye, my friends and brethren, this idea of the Union carries your minds back to that scene, when that conclave of sages, whose hallowed names now rest in our classic soil, had pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor, "that these colonies were, and of right ought to be free and independent States." It covers associations still more thrilling than that. It carries you back to all the battlefields of the revolution. This idea of the Union covers the sacrifices of our fathers at Bunker Hill, at Saratoga, at Brandywine, Guilford and Camden, where the best blood of America crimsoned the soil and watered the tree of liberty, under whose spreading branches we are now reposing in peace and tranquillity. (Great Applause.)

Yes, my friends, this idea of the Union, which was the result of our fathers' courage, the mind back to the peril, the suffering, the sacrifices of our fathers when that sacred name is hallowed in the hearts of every lover of his country, and when British cannon was booming across the harbor of Boston, at a time when patriot hearts shrank with anxiety; when patriot mothers hugged their babies to their bosoms with anxiety; that every time when Washington drew from his side his sword and led the sons of freedom to battle.

In contemplating the glories of that time which cannot fail to observe in the foreground of the picture, that the calm consciousness of that man to whom I have alluded was placed amid the stormy strife and tumult of battle; that great man who has come down to history the greatest, the noblest, and the mightiest among "the few, the immortal names, that were not born to die." (Great Applause.)

My brethren, this idea of the Union covers an event in our history no less momentous as I refer to that time when those heroic men assembled for the purpose of forming that glorious constitution under which we live, when coming together from all parts of this vast Confederacy, with conflicting feelings and interests, they laid deep and strong the foundations of that Temple of Liberty around whose altar their lives may be assembled and offer up their sacrifices in peaceful fraternal concord. (Applause.)

This, my friends, the Union of these States, that idea, I say, which covers the glories achieved by our flag during our last war with Great Britain, for it was because the nationality of our country, the equality of rights growing out of national equality represented by this Union, emblemized by the stars and stripes, which were venerated on the ocean, that we drew the sword and that contest, national equality was involved. (Applause.)

Looking to a period still later within the knowledge of all, our recent war with Mexico was under the broad flag of the Union, which was embodied in the stars and stripes, when our men marched over hecatombs of the dead to the very walls of the Montezumas, and as the very beams of the sun shot a gleam toward the eastern mountains, they saw the glorious flag.

Brothers, this idea of the Union covers the proud position which we now occupy among the nations of the earth. Look at our present position! What is it that has substituted for the shrubbery of the wil-

derness? What is it that has whitened with the sails of commerce those lakes and rivers upon whose shores solitude has brooded for ages? What is it that has carried our literature, language, science and arms from the shelving beaches of the Atlantic to the shaggy peaks of the Pacific? It is the Union of these States.

Travel from one end of our country to another, with the same picture, the same institutions that you see the school house and church throwing their spires heavenward, as you go into the wilderness, where you see agriculture and manufactures. In every direction you see the glorious heritage of the Anglo-Saxon race—the common law—dispensing its blessings from the northern rocks to the southern cliffs, throughout all the confines of this broad country where the meaneast gill and broadest river, roars mingled with its name forever. (Applause.)

Brothers, not only does this idea of the Union cover the glories of the past and the blessings of the present, but it covers the glorious Union maintained and preserved. Let us have American Liberty and American Religion. Let the camp-fires be lit on every hill. Let the stars and stripes wave in triumph on every breeze. (Loud applause.)

Let every heart swell with patriotic feelings as it contemplates of our future destiny, when we have performed our duties here, and have gone to that country from whose home no traveler returns? Still these great and glorious and inestimable institutions all continue, and will be inherited by our posterity. But, my friends, who is such enough to dare lift that veil which shrouds the future in darkness? For aught save clouds and darkness rest upon the prospect.

The Union—yes, thank God, it is a sentiment which has its home in the heart. It is identical with liberty itself. Destroy this Union, and the very idea of liberty is a wild and senseless abstraction. Assembled, then, as we are, on this festive occasion, representing all the various interests of various sections of this country, with freedom's soil beneath our feet and freedom's banner streaming o'er us, I would invoke my brethren here, and I would appeal to them in language of brotherhood and patriotism, ask them this question, if our fathers braved the perils of the ocean, suffered the privations of the wilderness, encountered all dangers and difficulties; it is possible that this tree of liberty, nurtured by their blood, cultivated by their best affections, it is possible that we cannot now preserve those institutions for which they suffered so much and made such great sacrifices to secure to us? I would appeal to my brother who represents the country where sleep the best of those who fell on Bunker Hill? I would appeal to those who marched out to the battle of Germantown and Trenton. I would appeal to those in whose veins flows the same blood that poured out at Guilford, Camden, and at the fathers stood together on that trying and dreadful occasion, shoulder to shoulder, sustaining and aiding each other in the hour of conflict and peril, if this institution, this Union is the work of their hands and the heritage of their gift. I would appeal to you by the blood of your fathers, will you lay your unhallowed hands on this Union, cemented by their blood? (Great applause.) If our fathers from the Northern States, the Middle States, and Southern States could meet here in convention in 1787, and there agree to sacrifice sectional prejudice upon the altar of their country, and bequeath us that glorious Constitution; I ask you, in God's name, is there not enough of patriotism left, and of devotion to the memory of your fathers, to swear that the hallowed work of their hands shall never be degraded?

My brethren, this is no occasion for mere festivity. It is true we have met together here to enjoy the hospitality of friendship, and the generous greeting of our Philadelphia brethren, and, if I now understand the philosophy of this assembly, the genius of American liberty is now brooding o'er us. There is a deep philosophy in the object which brought us to this city. The object of our coming here is no secret, although there may be many here who have not entered into the court of the inner temple. There is no one here present who has not, if I may make history, become a proselyte of the gale, at least; and in talking of the union of these States, one sentiment fills my heart almost to bursting, when I contemplate the possibility of its ever being destroyed.

We have assembled here for a good, high and holy purpose. The only question is, whether we bring enough to sacrifice upon the common altar to save these glorious institutions. (Applause.) This very sentiment of Union, which has been so kindly greeted here, is an evidence that we believe that the bare possibility of danger to this Union is enough to raise every patriotic heart to the determination that so far as their efforts can avail, this Union shall have no ending. (Applause.)

Then, my brethren, I appeal to you in conclusion—I appeal to you by those glorious associations of the past, by this glorious present, by the bright prospect of the future. I appeal to the North by Northern association, to the South by Southern associations, to the common prosperity that we leave this city of Philadelphia we shall have laid the foundation broad, deep and everlasting.

Brothers, what are our labors, what the sacrifice required of us, compared to the labors and sacrifices of our fathers? If the institutions already transmitted to us—if the Union is secured to us—a nationality which gives to the American citizen his proud part in every land, and enables him to walk with erect front through every nation with the proud consciousness of being an American citizen. If this Union has secured this blessing, if in it the interests and welfare of our prosperity are concerned, our sons in whom our hopes are centered, our daughters, the sacrifices our fathers made to us, in giving us such a government, and transmitting to us such institutions, if we have not patriotism enough to preserve these institutions, and transmit them to our children as we received them from our fathers, I dare to

say we shall become the bastard sons of illustrious ancestors. But I will not believe it—I do not believe it. I feel in my heart and in my soul that there is patriotism and conservatism enough now assembled in Philadelphia to save this glorious Union; let us do our duty; let us make these small sectional sacrifices which may be necessary, under the exigencies of the case, to perpetuate the Union. We shall then have secured our nationality; we shall have secured the great principle of religious freedom; and having performed our duty, we shall have the proud consciousness that, owing to our efforts, in part, the star-spangled banner waves over the land of the free and the home of the brave!

At the conclusion of Mr. Rayner's speech, the speaker was vociferously applauded. Mr. Charles B. Penrose proposed three cheers for the "Old North State," which were given with a "will," and three more hearty cheers were given for the Union.

### THE HAPPY MAN.

The happy man was born in the city of Regeneration, in the parish of Repentance unto Life. He was educated at the school of Obedience, and lives now in the town of Perseverance. He works at the trade of Diligence, notwithstanding he has a large estate in the county of Christian Contentment and many times does jobs of Self-denial. He wears the plain garb of humility, and has a better suit to put on when he goes to Court, called the robe of Christ's Righteousness. He often walks in the valley of Self-abasement, and sometimes climbs the mountain of Spiritual-mindedness. He breakfasts every morning upon Spiritual Prayer, and sups every evening upon the same; he has meat to eat that the world knows not of, and his drink is the sincere milk of the Word. Thus happy he lives and happy he dies. Happy is he who has Gospel-submission in his will, due order in his affections, sound peace in his soul, true humility in his heart, real divinity in his breast, the Redeemer's yoke on his neck, a vain world under his feet, and a crown of glory over his head. Happy is the life of such a person in order to gain which, pray fervently, believe firmly, wait patiently, love holily, die daily, watch your heart, guide your senses, redeem your time, love Christ and hope for glory. A true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man. Virtue is his business, study his recreation, contentment his rest, and happiness his reward. God is his father, the Church is his mother, the Saints are his brethren, and he is a friend to all that need him. Heaven is his inheritance, Religion his mistress, Loyalty and Justice his two ladies of honor, Devotion his chaplain, Chastity his Chamberlain, Sobriety his butler, Temperance his cook, Hospitality his housekeeper, Providence his steward, Charity his treasurer, Piety the mistress of his house, and Discretion his porter to let in and out as is most fit—Thus is his whole family made up of virtues, and he is the true master of the world.

It is necessitated to take the world in his way to heaven, but he walks through it as fast as he can; and all his business by the way is to glorify the name of God, and do good to mankind. Take him in two words, he is a man and a Christian.

A French officer serving before Sebastopol, tells the following story in a private letter to a friend in Paris. It shows the Russian soldiers are not deficient in humor:

"We often see a white flag hoisted to the top of a pole and hear the trumpet sounded in the Russian ambuscades. This of course means a 'flag of truce.' At once the fire ceases, and vast number of heads are seen to pop up from under the earth to the open air. The Russians hold up the French bottles and glasses, as if they invited them to drink each other's health. The French reply by flourishing their tin cans; and they pledge each other's health. The bearer of the flag of truce advances on horseback, stops at about one hundred paces from our trenches, while the nearest French officer goes forward to receive the despatches. Yesterday witnessed a meeting of this kind. The *parlementaire* cautiously took his glove from his right hand and shook that of a Captain of chassurs who had gone out to meet him. The *parlementaire* retires, the white flag is pulled down and the murderous din recommences as before."

SEATTLE.—At a general meeting of the members of the American Order at New Albany, on the evening of the 2d inst., the following sensible resolutions, among others, were adopted:

Resolved, That the question of slavery, being sectional and not national in its character, and altogether foreign from the original design of the order, it were vain to hope that members North and South could be brought to unite in a common sentiment and action in regard to it. Hence this question, as a party issue, should have studiously kept out of the platform of a party claiming to be American in its broadest sense.

Resolved, That, if the question of slavery, entering, as it does, largely into the political discussions of the day, could not be entirely ignored by the Order, it should at least have been left to the free and independent action of the different State and subordinate Councils, to determine their own line of policy in the premises.

FOREIGNERS ARMING TO RESIST THE LAW. The New York Herald says that, in one of the French papers of New York city, there is a call for a meeting at the Red Republican rendezvous in Leonard street, which is part of a movement gotten up by various societies to resist, by an armed force—a "Foreign Brigade"—any attempt to execute the prohibitory law, which went into effect on Tuesday evening. The Germans have also organized for the same purpose.

WHAT CONSTITUTES RICHES. We are indebted to a friend in Washington city for the following very forcible illustration of "what constitutes riches." We need not add that the anecdote is entirely authentic:

"To be rich," said Mr. Marcy, our worthy Secretary of State, "requires only a satisfactory condition of the mind.—One man may be rich with a hundred dollars, while another, in possession of millions may think himself poor; and as the necessities of life are enjoyed by each, it is evident that the man who is the best satisfied with his possessions is the richer."

To illustrate this idea, Mr. Marcy related the following anecdote:

"While I was Governor of the State of New York," said he, "I was called upon one morning at my office by a rough specimen of a backwoodsman, who stalked in and commenced a conversation by inquiring 'if this was Mr. Marcy?'"

I replied that was my name.

"Bill Marcy?" said he.

I nodded assent.

"Used to live in Southport, didn't ye?"

I answered in the affirmative, and began to feel a little curious to know who my visitor was, and what he was driving at.

"That's what I told 'em," cried the back woodsman, bringing his hand down on his thigh with tremendous force, "I told 'em you was the same old Bill Marcy who used to live in Southport, but they wouldn't believe it, and I promised the next time I come to Albany to come and see you and find out for sartin'! Why, you know me don't you, Bill?"

I didn't exactly like to ignore his acquaintance altogether, but for the life of thousands I couldn't recollect ever having seen him before; and so I replied that he had a familiar countenance, but that I was not able to call him by name.

"My name is Jack Smith," answered the back woodsman, "and we used to go to school together thirty years ago in the little red school-house in old Southport. Well, times has changed since then, and you have become a great man and got rich, I suppose?"

I shook my head, and was going to contradict that impression, when he broke in—

"Oh! yes you are; I know you arse-rich! no use denying it. You was Comptroller for a long time, and the next we heard of you, you was Governor. You must have made a heap of money, and I am glad of it, glad to see you getting along so smart. You was always a smart lad at school, and I knew you would come to something."

I thanked him for his good wishes and opinions, but told him that political life did not pay so well as he imagined. "I suppose," said I, "fortune has smiled upon you, and you are a rich man now?"

"Oh yes," said he, "I am getting rich to complain of, I must say. I've got along right smart. You see shortly after you left Southport, our whole family moved up into Vermont and put right into the woods, and I reckon our family cut down more trees and cleared more land than any other in the whole State."

"And so you have made a good thing out of it. How much do you consider yourself worth?" I asked, feeling a little curious to know what he considered a fortune, and as he seemed so well satisfied with his.

"Well," he replied, "I don't know exactly how much I am worth, but I think (straightening himself up) if all my debts were paid, I should be worth three hundred dollars clean cash!" And he was rich, for he was satisfied.—*Knickerbocker*.

WHILE Military men have held the opinion that Sebastopol would be taken, the popular impression has been, and is, that that Fortress is an impregnable one. If the latter opinion is sound, then the Siege has been a most disastrous one, and one which cannot fail to be pregnant with evil consequences. The expenditure of treasure and the sacrifice of life has been alike enormous and appalling. The soil of the Crimea is being fertilized by the best blood of England and France. The green grass is now growing over more than fifty thousand graves! Great Britain is shrouded in mourning. Almost every heart in England, Wales, Ireland and Scotland, has its instalment of sorrow. The bosoms now subdued with grief will soon swell with indignation.

Upon those who planned and persisted in the Siege of an impracticable Fortress, a fearful responsibility rests. To Besiege a Fortress which could not be invested, seems an unpardonable error. With free ingress and egress, and unlimited resources in men and munitions, the Russians (behind walls upon which such a bombardment as the World never saw before) made no impression—enjoy an advantage that should have admonished their enemy.

In the field, where the chances are equal, the Allies are irresistible. Why, then, instead of leading troops to certain death, and almost certain defeat, against inflexible battlements and masked batteries, do not the Allies weaken and reduce Sebastopol by cutting off its supplies? Their fleet cut off all hope for succor by sea, and their army is superior in position before Sebastopol. What could have prevented the capitulation of Sebastopol, ere this, if, six months ago, the Allies had cut off reinforcements and supplies?—*New Albany Journal*.

A WISE ANSWER.—"You must not play with that little girl, my dear," said a judicious parent.

"But, ma, I like her, she is a good little girl, and I'm sure she dresses as prettily as I ever do; and she has lots of toys."

"I cannot help that, my dear," responded the foolish anti-American, "her father is a shoemaker."

"But I don't play with her father; I play with her; she ain't a shoemaker."

You rarely, if ever, see a politician with his hair smooth, a great scholar with fine hair, an artist with red hair, a fob with coarse hair, a minister with long hair, or an editor whose hair is carefully adjusted.

HOW TO SUCCEED. A correspondent on West thus writes of a character he has met. The lesson inculcated by the history of the man is one which commends itself to every person who would succeed in life. Read it:

On a small Mississippi steamer I met a very different character. He was a native of an Eastern State and had gone West to make his fortune. While our boat was tied to the bank for an hour we seated ourselves on a log on the shore, and he gave me an account of the course he has followed and the difficulties he has contended with. He started for the West with a small sum of money and the blacksmith trade. He went down the Ohio as a sturgeon passenger, reached St. Louis, thence up the Illinois till his money failed. He stopped and worked to get his purse refilled, and reached a friend's house. There he worked a month to pay a man for bringing a chest from the Illinois River. Finally he reached Chicago, got a contract on the Illinois and Wisconsin Canal, was getting rich, when Illinois scrip made him poorer than when he began. Then the chills and fever laid him up a year. Let this suffice as a specimen. At last he returned to Chicago, bought enough boards on credit to make a blacksmith shop by sticking the ends in the ground and bringing the tops together. In this he began to make ploughs, which his father-in-law wooded in a small house which he and his son-in-law had rented.—From that time he has gone steadily forward, until now his factories cover the principal parts of two squares in the city, which he purchased one for some fifteen hundred dollars and the other for some six thousand. The city is already far beyond him and by the rise of property alone he is rich, while his factories are bringing him a fine revenue.

He has accomplished his object, but concluded his narrative by saying that had he life to begin again, and he knew that by enduring all that he had endured he could attain the same wealth, rather than undergo the hardships he would sacrifice the prospective wealth and be contented with a mechanic's wages." I believed him, as I looked at a man of thirty-eight as much careworn as a man of fifty.

Mr. Graham for July thus tells the Ladies "how to walk," an accomplishment which too few possess:

A science which all suppose to know without learning, and which may never achieve at all, it being far more difficult to walk well than to dance well; for, alas! we dance but about six years of our lives, and we walk sixty or more. Women, who are always apt to think of the effort they are producing, do not know how to walk at all, and from not having thought the matter, whenever they desire to be particularly bewitching, are apt to try every variety of gait, which destroys, instead of enhancing their charms. Grace is the principal object to be attained. Now, grace does not mean helplessness; on the contrary, grace necessarily implies a certain degree of strength, or at least, the full development of the form. A lounging, slouching, as though the knees bent at the joints—a gait, supposed by many to be interesting—is perfectly painful to the spectator—a jumping, skipping walk, unsteady like in the extreme. To walk gracefully, one should walk naturally; that is, the limbs should all perform their functions for which nature intended them. The feet should be put firmly to the ground, the weight of the body on the inner part of the foot, so that the big toe, made robust for that purpose, should be felt each time the foot is put to the ground. The body held erect, should then be well poised upon the hips, the upper part being immovable. The neck should be held erect, though not stiff, and the arms either fall naturally at the side, or be applied to carry either the parasol, handkerchief, or even parcel required. Physical weakness is not grace, nor would we (if we were a lady) allow any gentleman to support us by the elbow, poking us in the ribs and hips with his elbow or his knuckles, as though he fancied we had neither spine or muscle. In Europe, such an attention would be resented as an insult, and to a stranger following a couple in the public streets, the lady thus helped along by the gentleman, the whole ceremony has a most extraordinary appearance.

The dress may be, nay, should be, on rainy days, held up in the streets—but it should be gathered into neat folds into one hand, and not held out in both, as though for a forward two in a quadrille. It is allowable to lift the dress, even above the ankle, rather than get muddy.

THE FIRST WEDDING.—We like short courtships, and in his, Adam acted like a sensible man—he fell asleep a bachelor, and awoke to find himself a married man. He appears to have popped the question almost immediately after meeting M<sup>rs</sup> Eve, and she, without any flirtation or shyness, gave him a kiss and herself. Of that first kiss in this world we have had, however, our own thoughts, and sometimes in a poetical mood, have wished we were the man "who did it." But the deed is done—the chance was Adam's and he improved it.

We like the notion of getting married in a garden. It is in good taste. We like a private wedding, Adam's was private. No venereal diseases were there; no croaking old maids; no chattering aunts and grumbling grandmothers. The birds of heaven were the minstrels, and the glad sky flung its light upon the scene.

One thing about the first wedding brings queer things to us, in spite of its scriptural truth. Adam and his wife were rather young to be married—some two or three days old, according to the sacred speculations of theologians—mere babies—larger but not older—without experience, without a house, without a pot or kettle, nothing but love and Eden!—*Noah's Weekly Messenger*.

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.

### A N. YORK DANDY IN THE COUNTRY.

Adolphus Spriggins, of Fifth avenue and Wall street, prided himself considerably on his acquaintance with the ways of the town, but his knowledge of country matters was limited. Mr. Spriggins having rather outran the constable, found himself one summer not in a situation to undertake his usual jaunt to Saratoga or Newport, and he thought himself of an invitation which he had formerly received from his uncle, Van Brommel, the hearty old farmer, to pay him a visit at Pumpkindale. To Pumpkindale Mr. Spriggins accordingly repaired, with the express resolution of astonishing the natives. This, with the aid of his yellow kids, embroidered waistcoats, brilliant neckties, patent leathers, French phrases, and fashionable airs, he certainly succeeded in doing. He even made some impression by these attractions on the feelings of Miss Rosina Rappleyway, a young lady visitor, who had previously been on amiable terms with Gert Van Brommel, the farmer's eldest son. Gert, who was a private, but of his father kept him from publicly showing his resentment. One day, however, an idea occurred to him, which he turned to account for getting rid of his rival. Gert invited his cousin to go out with him pigeon shooting, and Adolphus, though his taste did not lie much in that way, consented to go, as a means of killing time. They set out, accordingly, with arms, ammunition, and provisions for the day, which last were carried by Gert, in a small tin pal. About two miles from the house they came to a pasture field, bordered by extensive woods. A score of cows—Van Brommel was a noted cattle breeder—were feeding at one side of the pasture.

"See, Dolph," said Gert, "the pigeons are in the woods yonder. Now if you will just stand a while on that flat rock in the corner of the field, so that I shall know where you are, I will go into the woods and drive the pigeons over to you, and you can pop at them as they come out. You keep the pal, too; and we'll have dinner there by and by."

Spriggins agreed to these terms, which exactly suited his easy notions of sport, and while Gert plunged into the woods he started for the flat rock which had been pointed out to him. No sooner had he placed himself upon it, than to his amazement, all the cows in the pasture rushed frantically towards him, lowing loudly, kicking up their heels, pushing one another, and behaving as though they had been suddenly smitten with insanity. Adolphus stood paralyzed, expecting to be gored to death or trampled under foot. But instead of that, the cows merely formed a circle round him, stamping, howling, shaking their horns, and glaring at him with their great eyes in an uncontrollable manner. He started in terror to flight, but received no answer. He dared not leave the rock, or even fire his gun to attract his cousin's attention, for at the slightest movement that he made, there was a general stir among the cows; a shaking of the formidable array of horns, and an impatient stamp and murmur, as if preparatory to a rush. Spriggins was utterly bewildered. To do him justice, he would very likely have faced a loaded pistol at ten paces without flinching—but this novel danger was of such a strange and frightful character that he was totally unprepared. He stood motionless, waiting for his cousin or somebody else to rescue him, and the cows, with equal patience, kept up the siege till their wretched prisoner was ready to drop with fear and exhaustion. At last, late in the afternoon, the burly form of old Van Brommel presented itself to the delighted eyes of Adolphus. His uncle came slowly through the field with a tin pal on his arm, and no sooner did the cows get a glimpse of him, than to Spriggins' renewed astonishment, they deserted him and tore furiously towards his uncle, who shouldered his way through them with the utmost unconcern.

"Goodness gracious, uncle," gasped poor Spriggins, "what's the meaning of this extraordinary conduct of these wretched animals?"

And he related, with considerable agitation, the history of his captivity among them. His uncle roared and shook his sides with laughter.

"Haw! haw! haw! I do tell you! You've been standing on that 'ere stone all day, frightened by the keows. Ho! ho! ho! Bless your soul, Dolph, the keows are good critters, they wouldn't hurt a baby. They thought you was coming to salt 'em. Haw! haw! haw! Well now, if that ain't the best joke I've heard on." And again the stout old farmer laughed till the tears poured down his cheeks.

"Salt them!" exclaimed the mortified Spriggins. "You don't mean to say you salt your beasts alive?"

"Yes I do, Dolph," replied his uncle.

"Look here, and you'll see."

So saying, he dumped the salt out of his pal in small parcels over the rock.—There was a general stamp and bellow, and a simultaneous rush towards the savory condiment, which twenty tongues were soon busily engaged in licking.

"There, Dolph, you know how keows are salted alive now," said old Van Brommel. "You'd never have learned that in Wall street. Ho! ho! ho!"

Spriggins went to the house much crestfallen. The story of his adventure was soon about; and there was great joking and engineering at the supper table, the fair Rosalia herself not being able to refrain from joining in the fun. The next morning Spriggins discovered that he had urgent business in the city, and he has never since been seen in Pumpkindale, though his cousin Gert cordially invited him to his wedding that fall.—Spriggins now is wont to speak of country life as "extremely vulgar," and on one occasion (when the sport of pigeon shooting had been casually alluded to) he went so far as to pronounce it "an atrocious humbug."

Great men never affect anything. It is your three-cent folks that put on airs, swell, and try on the pomp. The difference between the two is as great as between a barrel of vinegar and an angel's disposition.

### A SHIP IMPEDED BY DEAD LOCUSTS.

At length the wind shifted to the south-east, and then south, with a suffocating heat, this being the sirocco of the Levant, and blowing over the Mydian and Numidian deserts, come charged with hot and sulphurous vapors, causing a most disagreeable sensation of a stifling and oppressive kind. On the third day after this shift of wind, and when we were well up abreast of Sicily, but nearer to the African shore, we were surprised one morning at seeing all the headmost vessels of the fleet arrested in their course by some obstacle which impeded the progress of the entire as she came up with it, until the entire convoy formed an almost straight line.—On looking over the ship's side, there was seen a thick mass of brown matter, which it was difficult to sail through with all canvas spread—it appearing to be between the consistency of oil and tar, or melted butter and honey. Buckets full of it were drawn upon deck for inspection, but all we could perceive was that it was some animal matter in a state of decay, and emitting a most disagreeable odor. Sending the buckets deeper and deeper, however, by attaching weights to their bottom, so as to bring up some of the lower strata, we perceived the legs, wings, and half putrid bodies of brown locusts in a less advanced stage of decomposition than the brown oily mass of the surface; and we concluded, of course, that the whole mass was composed of the same materials. Desirous of ascertaining the extent of the space occupied by it, I went to the foretopmast cross-trees with a glass, and, sweeping the horizon ahead on each side of us, I perceived that it extended as far as the eye could reach to the east, north, and south, which presented one solid unbroken mass of smooth brown surface, while to the west the open sea presented the deep blue which distinguishes the waters of the Mediterranean. The conclusion was, that some vast flight of locusts, passing from Africa to Europe, had encountered a contrary wind in their passage, and had fallen exhausted into the sea, and were there gradually decaying in the state in which we found them. Such flights of locusts have from time to time been recorded in history, as marking the devastation everywhere caused by their numbers. Volney gives a striking description of their numbers and the devastation they committed in Syria and Palestine in 1541; but the most remarkable account on record in modern times is that of a gentleman in Poona, who was a witness to an immense army of locusts which ravaged the Mahratta country in India. The columns they composed was said to have extended five hundred miles in length; and so compact was their body when on the wing, that, like an ocean, they completely hid the sun, so that no shadow of light by any object, and some lofty tombs at a short distance were reduced quite invisible. What added to the horror of the scene was, that they were of the red species of locusts, so that clustering upon the trees, after they had stripped them of their foliage, they turned the verdant green into a sanguinary hue.

We were heartily glad to get through this mass of animal putrefaction by a strong breeze from the west, to which every ship crowded all the sail she could spread; and by daylight the following morning, we had the gratification of being once more in the pure element of water.—*Buckingham's Autobiography*.

MEANNESS DOES NOT PAY.—There is no greater mistake that a business man makes than to be mean in his business. Always taking the half cent for the dollars he has made and is making. Such a policy is very much like the farmer's who sows three pecks of seed when he ought to have sown five, and as a recompense for the loss of his soul, only gets ten when he ought to have got fifteen bushels of grain. Every body has heard of the proverb of "penny wise and pound foolish." A liberal expenditure in the way of business is always sure to be a capital investment. There are people in the world who are shortsighted enough to believe that their interest can be best promoted by grasping and clinging to all they can get, and never letting a cent slip through their fingers. As a general thing it will be found, other things being equal, that he who is most liberal is most successful in business. Of course we do not mean it to be inferred that a man should be prodigal in his expenditure; but that he should show to his customers, if he is a trader, or those whom he may be doing any kind of business with, that in all his transactions, as well as social relations, he acknowledges the everlasting fact that there can be no permanent prosperity or good feeling in a community where benefits are not reciprocal.—*Hunt's Merchant's Magazine*.

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTE.—During the last session of Congress, a man, well known as deeply interested in the mail steamer bill, then before the house, approached Mr. Benton while he was walking in Pennsylvania Avenue, and said:—"Good morning, Mr. Benton." The salute was returned. "I see the mail steamer bill is up to-day." "Yes sir," "Benton, couldn't you be prevailed upon to go for the employment of more steamers for the government?" The fellow smiled as if he was going to get a "Roland" of a suggestion for his "Oliver" of a bribe: "Aye, on one condition—that they could be used to transport such rascals as you are to some distant penal colony."

A Methodist minister, of this city, a short time since, while reading the discipline to the congregation, paused to suggest that if any of the congregation will continue to wear jewelry, the number of rings be not more than five, nor the breast-pin larger than a good sized turpin.—*Ab. Knicker*.

Man is like a snow-ball, leave him flying in idleness against the sunny face of prosperity, and all the good that is in him melts like fresh butter in these gaders; but kick him around, and he gathers strength at every revolution, until he grows into an avalanche. To make a figure in the world you must keep moving.











## Putnam Republican Banner

"TRY IT ON."

The Knickerbocker tells an excellent story of Burchard, the revivalist; not his exact words, but of what happened at the close of one of his meetings. He was in the habit of addressing his congregation in this manner:

"I am now going to pray, and I want all that desire to be prayed for to send up their names on a piece of paper."

On the occasion to which we refer, there was at once sent up to the desk quite a pile of little slips of paper, with the names on whose behalf he was to "wrestle," as he said, "with the Almighty."

A pause soon ensued, when he said:—"Send 'em up! I can pray for five thousand just as easily as I can for a dozen." Send 'em up. If you haven't any paper, get up and name the friend you want prayed for."

At this stage of the proceeding, a man whom we shall call Oziel Bigg, a stalwart man of six feet and a half in his stockings, a notorious unbeliever and a confirmed

to boot, rose in the midst of the congregation, a mark for all, and amidst the winks and becks and smiles of the auditory, said:

"Mr. Burchard, I want you to pray for Jim Thompson."

The Reverend petitioner saw, from the excitement in the audience, that Oziel was a "hard case."

"What is your name, Sir? and who is Mr. Thompson?"

"It's Jim Thompson; he keeps a tavern down in Thompsonville, and I keep a public house a little below him. He is an infernal scoundrel, and I want you to give him a lift."

"But," said Mr. Burchard, "have you faith in the efficacy of prayer? do you believe in the power of petition?"

"That is neither here nor there," responded Oziel, "I want you to try it on him!"

CHILDREN HAVE LUNGS.—This fact is either not known to parents, or very little regarded. The first thing a baby wants is fresh air, and plenty of it. From the moment a child is born it should have air and light, and neither to be shut up in a dark room, nor have its head covered up in a blanket.

The other morning, making my first call on a lady after confinement, I saw a heap of blankets lying in a rocking chair beside the bed, but there was no baby in sight.

When I inquired for the newly-arrived, the nurse came, and, after taking off fold after fold there at last was the poor little half smothered baby. Mother and nurse got a lecture that night.

Returning in an omnibus, a pretty woman got in, with her babe completely enveloped in its blanket. Perhaps it was none of my business; but I think it was.

The baby has as good a right to breathe, and to have the purest air to be had as anybody; and there was nobody else to take its part, I did.

"Madame," said I, "you are smothering that child."

She smiled and shook her head—she did not believe a word of it.

"You are making it breathe its own breath over and over again; and no air is fit to breathe more than once. I am a physician, and can't let you make your child sick."

She uncovered the baby's head; it took a long breath, and if it had been old enough to talk, and been up in its manners, it undoubtedly would have said, "Thank you, Doctor."

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S COURTSHIP.—Sir Isaac Newton was urged by one of his friends to marry; he excused himself by saying that he had no time to court a wife. His friends said they would assist by sending to his apartment a woman of worth.

He thanked them for their offer, and promised to receive a visit from her. His friends applied to the woman, and requested her to dispense with the usual ceremonies of courtship, and wait on the philosopher, which she consented to do. When she came to his apartment, and produced her letter of recommendation, he received her politely, filled his pipe, and sat down by her side, took hold of her hand, and conversed on the subject. Before they had brought the point to a close, some question about the magnitude of the heavenly bodies struck his mind with such force that he forgot what he was about—he turned his eyes up to heaven, took the pipe out of his mouth with his left hand, and being lost in study, without design took the lady's left hand, which he held in his own, and with one of her fingers crowded the tobacco in the bowl of his pipe, and held it so long that her heart as well as her finger took fire, and she in a huff sprang up and went off, leaving the philosopher to finish his study alone.

"Hurra!" is a Slavic word, which may be heard from the shores of Dalmatia to Behring's Straits, when men are called up to any proof of courage and valor.

The origin of the word is from the primitive idea, that every man that dies bravely for his country will go directly to heaven (hurra! to paradise). Thus in the shock of battle, this cry, like that of Allah (God) among the Turks, is always heard resounding; each one encouraging himself to forget earth and despise death, by the hope of an immediate reward.

Wife—"Why don't you call offener, you might. Now do call, and be sociable." (Gate closes) "there I'm glad she's gone."

Husband—"If you are glad she's gone why did you press her to come again?"

Wife—"Because we've got to keep up appearances you know."

Husband—"Well, you women are queer folks, and I don't believe in false colors. Show your true heart, and the result will be a few true friends, whom we shall be always glad to see."

## PLATFORM AND PRINCIPLES OF THE AMERICAN PARTY.

The following are the Platform and Principles of the American Organization, as decided upon by the American National Convention at Philadelphia, 1855.

I. The acknowledgment of that Almighty Being who rules over the Universe—who presides over the Councils of Nations—who conducts the affairs of men, and who, in every step of the progress of the human race, is the character of an independent nation, has distinguished us by some token of Providential agency.

II. The Cultivation and development of patriotism in our country, its history and its institutions; of admiration for the pure days of our National existence; of veneration for the heroes that precipitated our Revolution; and of emulation of the virtue, wisdom, and patriotism that framed our Constitution, and first successfully applied its principles.

III. The full maintenance of the Union of these United States as the paramount political good; or, to use the language of Washington, "the primary object of patriotic desire." And hence: 1. Opposition to all attempts to weaken or subvert the Union.

2. Uncompromising antagonism to every principle of policy that endangers it.

3. The full maintenance of the equal adjustment of all political differences which threaten its integrity or perpetuity.

4. The suppression of all tendencies to political dissension on purely sectional grounds, or of national, or on the belief that there is a real difference of interests and views "between the several sections of the Union."

5. The recognition of the rights of the several States as expressed and reserved in the Constitution, and a careful avoidance of their rights by legislative or executive action.

6. The maintenance of the Constitution of these United States as the supreme law of the land, sacredly obligatory upon all its parts and members, and steadfast resistance to the spirit of unconstitutional legislation, and to every species of pretext. Avowing that in all doubtful or disputed points it may only be legally ascertained and expounded by the judicial power of the United States.

7. A habit of reverential obedience to the laws, whether National, State, or Municipal, until they are either repealed or declared unconstitutional by the proper authority.

8. A tender and sacred regard for those acts of state government which are to be distinguished from acts of ordinary legislation, by the fact of their being the subject of compromise and agreement, and to be considered a fixed and settled national policy.

9. A radical revision and modification of the laws regulating immigration and the settlement of immigrants, so as to admit of the widest immigration, from whom love of liberty or hatred of oppression seeks an asylum in the United States, a friendly reception and protection. But unqualified condemnation to transmission to the laws of foreign lands and peoples.

10. The essential modification of the Naturalization Laws. These provided by the Legislatures of the several States, have allowed foreign-born citizens to become citizens, and to be considered a fixed and settled national policy.

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## INDIANA FREE BANKS.

We give below a correct classification of all the Free Banks in the State.

The broken and suspended ones are classed according to the value of the securities deposited with the Auditor.

Those marked with a \* have deposited their additional security.

CLASS NO. 1.—SPECIE PAYING.—PAR.

Tippecanoe Bank, Vincennes, Ind. \$175,584.43

\*Bank of South Bend, South Bend, Ind. 16,672.05

\*Bank of North America, Clinton, Ind. 46,000.00

\*Shawnee Bank, Ellettsburg, Ind. 46,000.00

\*Indian Bank, Kokomo, Ind. 28,000.00

\*Farmers & Merchants' Bank, Indianapolis, Ind. 28,000.00

Huntington Bank, Huntington, Ind. 28,000.00

Traders Bank, Indianapolis, Ind. 28,000.00

\*Bank of the Capital, Indianapolis, Ind. 28,000.00

\*Bank of Goshen, Goshen, Ind. 28,000.00

\*Bank of Ellettsburg, Ellettsburg, Ind. 28,000.00

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## STATEMENT OF THE AETNA Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn., as required by the laws of the State of Indiana, relating to agents of Insurance Companies incorporated by any other State, passed in 1855.

The name of the Corporation is Aetna Insurance Company, located at Hartford, Conn.

The Capital is Five Hundred Thousand Dollars, and is paid up.

The assets of the Company are:

Cash on hand, in Bank, and in the hands of agents, or other persons, \$175,584.43

Real estate, 16,672.05

46 mortgage bonds, 7 per cent. interest payable semi-annually, 46,000.00

28 mortgage bonds, 6 per cent. interest payable semi-annually, 28,000.00

20 Virginia State bonds, 6 per cent. interest payable semi-annually, 19,200.00

5 N. Carolina, 10,500.00

10 Jersey City water, 5,000.00

200 shares of the New York and Erie R.R. Co., 7,312.17

Bills receivable, amply secured and payable at Bank, 100,172.14

Bills receivable premium notes, 19,407.27

All other securities, viz:

500 shares of H. R. Co., \$162,500.00

317 " Hartford & Prov. R.R. Co., 15,750.00

103 " Boston & Worcester, 10,300.00

4 " N. Albany & Salem, 100.00

200 " N. Albany & Providence, 14,000.00

10 " Hartford & Providence, 10,500.00

300 " Phoenix Bank, Hartford, 35,400.00

200 " Exchange, 25,000.00

200 " Conn. River, 25,000.00

100 " Hartford, 25,000.00

100 " State, 11,600.00

75 " Hartford Co., 7,500.00

36 " Eagle, Providence, R. I., 1,980.00

120 " Bank of America, N. Y., 14,800.00

75 " Bank of America, N. Y., 4,350.00

50 " BK Commercial, 4,500.00

150 " BK of Republic, 17,475.00

450 " Broadway BK, 13,800.00

75 " BK of Republic, 4,350.00

100 " People's Bank, 4,400.00

100 " Hanover Bank, 4,250.00

400 " Mechanics BK, 11,500.00

100 " U. S. Trust Co., 10,000.00

100 " U. S. Trust Co., 10,000.00

100 " Stafford BK, Conn. three installments paid in, 3,000.00

50 " Conn. River Company, 1,250.00

The amount of liabilities due or not due to Bk. or other creditors—nothing.

Losses adjusted and not paid, \$67,861.44

Losses adjusted and not paid, 129,029.89

All other claims against the Company are small, such as promissory notes, &c.

Agents instructed to take no risk over \$10,000. The amount insured in any city, town, or village, depends upon the character, material, and location of the buildings, and the condition of the streets, the supply of water, and condition of the fire department, and other circumstances.

The amount insured in blocks of buildings was designed to be limited to the loss by any one fire, to \$10,000 or less.

A copy of the Act of Incorporation, and all amendments thereof, is herewith presented.

THO. A. ALEXANDER, Secretary.

State of Connecticut, Hartford county, ss.

March 14th, 1855.

Personally appeared Thomas A. Alexander, Secretary of the Aetna Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn., who has filed in this office, a sworn statement of its condition on the 13th of March, 1855, in compliance with the provisions of the Act of the General Assembly, passed March 2, 18